

was the model that he had sought so long. Afterward, later that night, undoubtedly he could succeed in ascertaining where she lived and take her home.

She had no fear of him. She seemed like a tremulous, innocent child when he escorted her into the house, up the dim passage and stairs, to his attic at the top of the house. He motioned her to a chair before the glowing fire, and busied himself preparing hot milk for her. She drank willingly, but not greedily. Evidently she was not hungry—merely lost.

She seemed naively interested in the pictures that stood round the room, and went from one to another, clapping her hands with delight. But he could not understand a word she said. She was certainly not an European girl. Perhaps she was a Syrian. He took his brush and platette and began deftly changing the face of the woman in the picture. It was midnight before he had finished, and even then he was not satisfied.

"Now you must go home," he said, and pointed toward the door. He put on his hat and overcoat again. But when he made his object evident she began weeping and clung to him, looking up imploringly into his face. And so, seeing her distress, he hesitated. And then he thought of the empty bedroom adjoining his studio.

Well, there was nothing but to offer her hospitality. She understood at once and assented eagerly. The night seemed to hold

unknown error for her. And so, handing her the key, he opened the door for her and the girl went in, smiling good-night at him and murmuring in her cooing language which was like no earthly speech that Harned had ever heard.

Harned was awake between times the following morning, but when he was dressed and ready to begin breakfast there came a tap at the door and the unknown stood there, beaming upon him. So he prepared breakfast for two and then painted her again.

And he did not telephone for the police. For by this time the novel companionship, and a sense, too, that that destiny had sent her to him, had stolen away his judgment. And so for days he painted until at last the picture was completed. And nightly she withdrew to the little room adjoining the studio, and every morning she came in, radiant and fresh, and prepared breakfast. She cooked his meals, dusted and swept, and showed no more concern than a child for the future.

Harned had always lived a very lonely life. It had been one of intense struggles and hardships, too, until, a year before, his pictures had begun to attract the notice of a small group of connoisseurs and had secured him purchasers at a little more than the scanty price which he had hitherto commanded. Now the gentle influence of the strange girl stole into his heart. He loved her. And he began to plan